

## NUMBER 42.

San Jose, October 22.—(Star Corrig.) The owner of the West Side Irving block, was arrested on charge of being a principal in the shooting of Carrigan. He is charged with the sale of 300 and 400 rounds for assault on F. G. Manning at the West Side tract, July 5. The assault occurred during a raid on the premises. Manning was shot at the premises and during the fight was assisted by Carrigan. He had the latter arrested on assault and the case has been pending in the court ever since.

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**Tp for Murder.**

CHEYENNE, Wyo., October 22.—(Clall.) The boy murderer of Missa-  
Mier, the boy murderer of Missa-  
and Emerson, was brought into the  
Carron's court for a preliminary hear-  
The examination was examined to the  
and he was examined examination, announced  
his decision ultimately.







## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE PERSONAL CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE POET COMPLETED.

Not a Line of His Manuscript Extant. The Embodiment of Spontaneity—His General Appreciation in America—His Bold Borrowing.

Not a line of his manuscript extant. The embodiment of spontaneity—his general appreciation in America—his bold borrowing. (Copyright by American Press Association.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—One of the most extraordinary things about the most extraordinary man, William Shakespeare, is that, wonderful as his genius is, overshadowing as his reputation, we know next to nothing of him personally. We are even ignorant of the date of his birth; but the tradition is that he was born on the day of the month of which he died—April 23—and that is three hundred and twenty-four years since that event. It would not be so strange if the poet had died of apoplexy during his life, and his greatness had been discovered by posterity. But he was regarded as the first dramatist of his own time, not by critics alone, who are generally above such content parades, but by the people who looked to see and enjoy his plays.

Not until nearly a century after his death was there any regular collection or editing of his works; but since then he has been edited, corrected, and interpreted as no other mortal has ever been. That there has been anything in the life of him is the best evidence of his marvelous power and significance. Despite almost two hundred years of incessant investigation of everything even remotely connected with him, the mystery of Shakespeare, the man, is not a whit abated. Not a line of his manuscript is extant beyond four of his signatures, all of which are securely preserved in London, and which will be remembered by most Americans of culture and travel. Even the spelling of his name is in doubt—his kind signature does not remove it; but he himself, as we see in his friend Ben Jonson, appears to have written in his day men wrote their names variously. He sometimes wrote his surname Shakespeare, and his contemporaries spoke of him in a dozen different ways.

What claim to be portraits of him are familiar to every body, but the bulk of these are copies of the Chaucer portrait, which has no relation to the original. The only representations that can lay claim to accuracy are the well-known bust at Stratford and the Dorothea engraving. They are both very hard and stiff, not answering at all to our idea of the poet, but they have a striking similarity, which makes them claim. They have studied Shakespeare as a feeling and a half belief that he was singularly handsome and distinguished. If we could see him as he was in the flesh we should doubtless find that he looked very unlike the man on the bust who had created Hamlet, Othello, Lear. Eminent characters very seldom bear the appearance we ascribe to them. Alcibiades, Aspasia, Julius Caesar, Cleopatra must have been very different in form and feature from what we fancy them.

The facts of Shakespeare's life are poor and few—that he was born at Stratford, married at 18, for urgent reasons, Anne Hathaway, eight years his senior; had three children, one son and two daughters; that he went to London to better his fortunes; became an actor and a dramatist; succeeded; returned to his native place; died in a few years, and was buried there. What a meager record this for the mighty master, whose name is immortal, whose fame, beyond that of all others, is every part of civilization. As we detect almost nothing of his personality in his plays—in this he was supremely dramatic—so he managed to hide his personality from the world. He must have conceived life as a drama. He certainly treated it objectively. All the indications are that he had no concern for his plays after they had served him in the theatre. There is every reason to believe that he had no hand in their publication; that they often appeared without his consent, even without his knowledge. Yet he does not appear to have been wholly indifferent to fame, for he seems to have looked after the printing of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrèce," as well as his sonnets. Remarkable as these are, or would be were they by anybody else, they are cheap and commonplace compared with his matchless dramas.

This strange apparent want of discrimination of literary judgment, has been accounted for by his editors and commentators on the ground that during the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth century plays and poems proper were very differently regarded. But this fact hardly explains his incomprehensible neglect. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, genius is, and must be, self-recognizing; and way should the greatest genius of all time fail to appreciate work that has never been equalled? The question is hard to answer. The necessary inference is that he was either consciously capable, or believed himself capable, of so much higher achievements that what he had achieved seemed of small consequence. And this theory gives us a more exact idea of his genius than do the imperishable monuments he has left us. It makes the mind ready to contemplate the possibilities of his performance; it helps that he could afford to forego the prodigious, certain reputation which his dramas must certainly secure him.

All that is known of Shakespeare's method of composition sustains this view. He seems to have been spontaneous, dictating off his marvelous lines as he sat of inspiration, which method, thought, imagination, learning and observation into a stream of vital, poetic, eloquent, enduring language such as never before flowed from human pen. He appears never to have a second corrected, recast or reconsidered. His brain was a divine, exhaustless fountain, which ran with ink through his ever obedient hand into forms of poetry as stirring as inexpressible. He was wholly practical, writing scenes and acts

for an immediate end, to be spoken, not to be read. He borrowed freely, liberally, often adopting entire passages from novels or other plays if they saved time or suited his convenience. Nevertheless, he individualized everything, made everything his own, Nature playing through the action of his temperament and becoming universal art.

The thought of criticism never occurred to him—he wrote as he felt; was completely unhampered, untrammelled, regardless of procedure, being a precedent and a law to and for himself. To this peculiarity have been ascribed the grandeur and glory of his action, his technical mastery of nearly every art, and yet so fresh, so apt, so eloquent, so original as to be beyond compare. He is as once unique and inimitable. Study him as you will, you cannot reproduce him. Labor at his secret; as you may, you shall never master it, or even approach it. Among the countless hosts of poets there is but one Shakespeare. He shines like the sun, and is the center which gives light to others, about which others revolve. Any schoolboy may point out his blemishes; the sun has its spots, but still it is the sun.

Like most great authors, unlike Homer or Dante or Molière, he is not simple. His style is a rich mosaic, made up of precious stones and rare fragments, gathered from every land and age, and arranged with infinite variety by his own incomprehensible cunning. He is the intellectual wizard of the world, the magician of thought, the sovereign suzerain of expression.

The fact that Shakespeare has taken almost all his plots from the sources whence he got his plays has induced many to believe him deficient in constructive imagination. But this is an unfair inference. He was evidently inclined to form a plot when he could find one ready made, just as he frequently adopted the exact phraseology of other authors rather than frame his own lines from his limited equipment. He did not care to raise any needless trouble; he was, again, as it is said, thoroughly and continually practical. In spite of his unreckoned wealth of poetry, to put it plainly, he was bent on making money at the Blackfriars theatre, and on making it in the easiest way. He felt more concern for any pecuniary success than for any reputation which his writings might yield. Had he required plots there is small doubt that he could and would have drawn them in abundance from his inward supply.

But his transcendent excellence is in his creation of character—kings and clowns, philosophers and simpletons, dreamers and men of action, women devils and angels, courtiers and clowns, priests and cynics, wits and witless, beings of earth and air—a numinous crew, but all individual, distinct, definite, as if evolved from nature. No other poet has revealed a vision of his omnipotence in this respect, and he has made every one of them memorable. Hamlet, Timon, Benedict, Fortinbras, Falstaff, Desdemona, Brutus, Cleopatra, Othello, Lear, Cordelia, Macbeth, Rosalind, Falstaff, Imogen, Cassius, Viola, Dogberry, Cressida, will be as fresh and human as they are today, as they were when the ink was not yet dry that gave them birth. One might almost say that, if this planet should be lost, types of its inhabitants might be reproduced from Shakespeare's models. They are more human than humanity, and yet more ideal than our ideas of men.

The controversy still goes on over the question whether the dramatist was a man of much or little culture. He appears to have known all that was worth knowing from books and observation, and imagination, and, above all, from the clairvoyance of universal genius. A nature educated soundly touches the qualities concerning Shakespeare's degree of culture.

It is not strange that the obscuration of his personality should induce speculations to the effect of his identity, to the affirmation that he was only a name; that his plays were written by another or by others. This view, instead of lessening, merely augments the mystery. We can understand how the master dramatist might hide his private self from the world, but that Shakespeare could be somebody else passes credence.

The poet of poets is so shrewd, so universal, so ideal, so inexhaustible as to put all who understand him into closest relation with him, and make them think that they have got at the secret of his power and influence. He is not a war class; he is romantic, tender, gentle, above and free from all rules, despising convention, challenging precedent. To the Latin mind he makes no general appeal; he belongs especially to the English family, and is the rarest heritage of the English speaking race, we Americans appreciating him far more, in the mass, than our British kinsmen. The Germans feel that he is especially related to them; that his genius is their property, though he is claimed to be born on foreign soil. They never tire of writing about him; they are veritable Shakespeareans. They are convinced that they have interpreted him to us; that his innermost spirit is open to them alone. Although transcendent, and overdrawn they have brought, unceasing learning and ingenuity to his education, and the world of serious thought is eternally indebted to them. He anticipated the America of today, and is indeed more American than English in combining the highest idealism and the greatest practicality.

In this country we are, in a way, brought up on him, and our love of him grows with our years. First and last he is a poet, but common sense follows him. He is truly English in making his dramas wholly subservient to earning money. He wrote Lear, Hamlet, Henry IV, Othello, not from passion for literature, but from mercenary desire to return to Stratford, to resume his life there, and to write "gentleman" after his name. Overhauling him was nothing compared with his career; what he did, he did, respected and comfortable. But in range and imagination he was the Jesus of the intellectual world.

## THE SECRET OF THE RISING

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## NOTES OF NEW BOOKS.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has made a specialty of the semi-religious novel. The novel with a purpose is certainly not to be despised. It has come good, and good it could have been done in no other way. To make religion the mere adjunct of sensationalism, to set the deepest sentiments of the human heart as a contrast to belittled urbanity, to introduce the grandest personage of history, Jesus the Christ, among the characters of a novel, with the chief purpose of making the book interesting and providing a way that things may come out right in the end, is neither good taste nor good morals. It is a half-hearted tendency to this that has provoked severe criticism of















Ordinance Adopted Creating Department of Rights and Resources.

read a letter from Mr. E. J. Eaton offering to sell his right in the Tenney ditch for \$2,000, reserving enough to irrigate the town of Roswell. The estimate of the city engineer for constructing a new ditch was read, which would be about the same as the purchase and enlargement of the Tenney ditch. The

Justice Farrar on Thursday October 16  
united in marriage Herbert Phillips and  
Blanche Griffin.

1853, Society Fork; G. W. 234.0  
 Fork; W. F. Benson, Montrose  
 1853, Society Fork, Montrose. Three var-  
 ieties were distinguished by Mr. De Z.

A 14-335-20154 was traced back to  
y to A. J. Sletten, of Wood-  
Park, and Mrs. Lillian W. Sletten,  
Norfolk, Va.

Date at Colorado Springs, Colorado, this  
 15th day of October, 1961.

26, 1888, for this and are hereby specially cited to appear on or before date of said proof to show cause why said WILLIAM should not be allowed to make proof and payment for the above described land. J. E. SALLOWAY, Register.

*Journal of Management Studies*, 36(7), 809-826.



